FAR·COUNTRIES AS·SEEN·BY·A·BOY

M·BEECHER·LONGYEAR

FAR COUNTRIES
AS SEEN BY A BOY

India
Jaipur. Street Scene

FAR COUNTRIES AS SEEN BY A BOY

By M. BEECHER LONGYEAR

ILLUSTRATED FROM PHOTOGRAPHS
AND WITH PEN AND INK SKETCHES

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class
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To all Good American Boys—
and Girls Too.

Wouldn't you like to join our
trip around the world by reading this book?
It will prove a short cut to the history of some nations, and
give you an idea of how things over there
look, today, to a boy.

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FAR COUNTRIES
AS SEEN BY A BOY

Chapter I.
A VISIT TO HAWAII.

AT SEA, STEAMSHIP "MONGOLIA",
SEPTEMBER 20TH

Dear Bradford:

You remember that you shouted to me as we left the dock at San Francisco: "Write me some real live geography, up to date and first hand." Well, here goes.

Our first stop was at Honolulu, and I know a lot more than I did yesterday about the Sandwich Islands—as they used to be called. They were discovered by Captain Cook years ago, but now are called Hawaii.

I have seen ladies at home that I thought were much decorated with huge bouquets of flowers, but in Honolulu they make chains of them of all brilliant colors, and both men and women wear them as wreaths, or hung about their necks; at least the natives did who met our steamer, calling out, "Aloha! Aloha!" They offered me so many that I was surprised to think that they knew I was coming and I had four of all different colors about my neck, when father interfered and paid up, twenty-five cents apiece. He remarked then, that perhaps it might be just as well if I kept a little more in the background and didn't try to play the part of advance courier.

For once in my life I was interested in history when I heard the folks talking about the islands. It seems that many years ago one big man of the native tribes, Kamehameha the Great, thought he

San Francisco to Honolulu
Fancy Diving

would like to be ruler of all the islands around there, so he gathered a big army and fought those who did not want him to rule over them. At the first battle Kamehameha's men drove their enemies to the edge of a steep precipice, and three thousand of them were forced over this cliff on to the rocks a thousand feet below. That is easy to remember, but not very pleasant. After that, all the islands, about seven or eight, were under one rule. Then came the Presbyterian missionaries, and they built a church and college. All this happened over sixty years ago. I heard them say that the rich people of California used to send their children here to be educated, and I rather think those children loved it. Why, they could play baseball all the year round, and the beach is the finest I have ever seen. The boys must have a jolly time surf riding. All you need to do is to get a good-sized ironing board and run into the breakers with it, and when a big wave comes rolling in, lie down flat on the board, and then I don't know exactly what happens, but it seems like a volcano of soap suds and you are somewhere in it, and after you have

had a few such experiences you ride back to the shore on the waves standing up on the board.

Then those children had such good things, and plenty of them, to eat—bananas growing beside the road and no fence between, delicious fresh pineapples, figs and dates. The guavas that we buy as jelly, at home, grow wild on the mountains and in the valleys. I can imagine that those boys learned from the natives how to shinny up the great bare telegraph poles of the cocoanut palms, but I was much disappointed in the taste of the young cocoanut. We were all invited to a home beside Waikiki beach, and a servant knocked down four cocoanuts from the trees in front of the house. We each had a whole cocoanut, which was opened with a pick, and we were expected to like the milk to drink, but we didn't, although we tried to be polite and took a sip or two of the mawkish stuff and nibbled at the tough, milky, soft-looking white brick. Mother's excuse was that she had already eaten "so much of the delicious alligator pear and fresh cocoanut cake" at luncheon that she really had no appetite, while

Hawaii
Honolulu. A Cocoanut Picnic
Honolulu. No Fences and Much Fruit

father looked serious, and said he thought he could cultivate a taste for it in time. I couldn't be persuaded to taste a tamarind when I saw mother's face just after she had taken a good mouthful. Father said "it had a real, lasting sour."

A lady of rather dark complexion passed by in an automobile, and we had seen the former Queen Lili. While the folks were talking about her, I thought I heard them say that when the women of the United States could vote they are going to give her over $8000 a year to pay up for taking the island away from her. Some Americans thought that unless the U. S. A. took this step the queen might execute saucy Americans who had sugar and pineapple business there; I think the United States did a good thing and made a good bargain, although it was rather one-sided.

Well, I thought I knew a fish when I saw one, but in a house on the beach they have something to make you guess, "Bird, fish or fowl." They are all colors and shapes, and some are almost invisible. They look like birds and pigs and queer creepy things. Mother raved over the

colors and "texture," but I'd like to know how they'd taste fried!

Only one more thing to add to this long geography lesson—they slice up rainbows here and hang a piece in each valley, sometimes one over another. Big mountains are all around, and Uncle Sam has made a great fortification in the middle of one of them.

I'll write you again from Japan. Who beat in the last school baseball game?

Your loving cousin,

BEECH.

Chapter II.
JAPAN, THE LAND OF "LITTLE" THINGS

AT SEA,
OCTOBER 17TH

Dear cousin Bradford:

EVERYBODY is writing as fast as they can today about our four days' trip in Japan before they forget their "vivid impressions of that wonderful little isle and

its wonderful little people." We knew by the quantity of fans, teacups, lamp shades and "old prints" we had seen in our stores at home, what to expect. Mother gave your mother a choice old print last Christmas of a fierce looking warrior sitting on the ground with his legs stuck out, showing his teeth, and flourishing a stick around his head. Those prints are very artistic, I have heard tell, and can teach us a lot about "balance and rhythm," if one cares for that sort of thing. I hoped I'd see an old duffer like it, but I didn't.

We landed at Yokohama, and a Japanese courier dressed in a gray Mother Hubbard and a derby hat came on board and looked us up. Father had cabled him to meet us. He was so quiet and watchful that he had our twenty-seven pieces of "luggage," as the English say, in the tender before I had time to get a very vivid impression of the whole scene; but when the boat reached the pier you should have seen the bare-legged, short-trousered Japs with their funny little baby carriages, shouting and yelling for passengers. The guide called up five of the

JAPAN
THE HUMAN RACE

"baby carriages"—'rickshaws—and we each got into one, and away they scampered between the thills without any harness on. I wondered how long father could go on without tipping over. I expected to see the little "rickey man," as they call these men ponies, go kiting over his head, but to my great disappointment nothing happened of that sort. Mother told me afterwards that it was due to the laws of "balance" which they learned from their old prints. We started right out—without even going to a hotel to wash up—to learn about their religion. Let me give you a pointer—don't try to understand everything about it, if you ever come here, for you won't have time to think of anything else. Just remember what I write you about it, and then you will not need to bother your head about it. We were hustled right on to a train, and in about an hour we landed at Kamakura, and started off to see the sights, and judging from the specimens we saw, religion is more to them than a baseball game. Now if they would only employ the rickey men to amuse the tourists by a good game of ball, or a race

with tourists in the rickeys, it would be worth going to Japan to see the fun.

The first religion we were introduced to was the Shinto. It was the first new one I had ever met, so I think I gave it too much attention. Now when I see a red-decorated, parallel bar-like thing in front of flights and flights of steps, with cocked hat roofs at the top, I know that is a Shinto church or temple. Oh, yes, one other thing, there must be two other things—funny dogs or fierce warriors made of bronze, somewhere around, and one must have its mouth open and one have its mouth shut, meaning, "don't jabber all the time and keep your mouth shut when you're thinking."

Mother asked the guide many questions, and I gathered that the Shintos were born fighters, that they just loved their old warriors who fought for their country; that they thought if they did right, they needn't pray to anybody, so they had no idols, but a looking glass. They have a great lay-out of colored buildings and a sacred dancing floor.

Then we were shown another religion. I don't see why they make so much of

JAPAN
KIOTO. CHIONIN TEMPLE; VERY JAPANESEY

their old-time things, for they themselves don't seem to go to the temples as much as the tourists do. This was called the Buddhist religion. The temple was enormous, and just at the entrance was a huge idol. I couldn't tell whether it was meant for a man or a woman. It was "serenity itself," mother said, "smiling with almond eyes half closed on this busy world." I believe I would rather be a Buddhist than a Shinto. All they have to do to get into heaven is to love their grandparents and repeat the name of Buddha 10,000,000 times and sit down cross-legged while they are doing it. I thought this because I was tired walking up so many steps; now that I am rested I think I'd rather try the Shinto and keep my mouth open half the time and shut the other half, and have a little fun fighting.

After going through miles of streets with little houses on each side and little panes of rice paper for their windows—everything in Japan seems "little"—we stopped suddenly with a great flourish; you wouldn't believe it, perhaps, but there away up in the sky with a big gold head on him, was Buddha itself. It scared

me stiff. It looked like the dome of the state house in Boston, with nose, eyes and mouth, and it wasn't a little body, either. I got up close to mother and whispered, "Is it alive?" She understood me and didn't laugh. "No, dear," she said, "it is a type of serenity, and although we call it an idol we can learn something from the thought of its majesty and immutable calm." I was so sleepy going home that I nearly fell out of my rickey, trying to think it all out.

The next day we went by train to Kioto. We passed hundreds of thatched mud houses. Many iris plants grow on the ridge poles of these houses which must liven them up in the spring. I really got tired seeing such an army of workers. They all seem to dress alike, but the women generally wear earrings. I never saw so many babies in my life, and they were like those queer floppy little Japanese dolls sister used to have, and they are hung on the backs of all the living ancestors—the little brothers and sisters, the grandfather and mother. The mothers, too, carry them when they are at work in the fields.

Japan
Kioto. A Small Gate Out of Town
Kioto. Coming from Church

We saw the great white-covered mountain, Fujiyama, in the sky, as the clouds parted and then I went to sleep. We got to Kioto in the evening and climbed a steep hill to reach our hotel. We had to have a pusher behind our rickeys. All the next day we were in the shops; some day I may like to see and buy old Satsuma, but now it does seem a bore. We went on to Kobe the next day and got our boat. Japan is, after all, worth going to see. You see rice growing, little oranges on trees, mulberries to feed the silk worms, and you see little people with little wooden stilts on their feet on muddy days; you hear nothing but the quick patter, patter, of their little wooden shoes, in the cities. They never jabber or sing, and the babies have no yell in them. They are all dark, with black eyes and hair. They seem like human ants. I never heard a laugh once in Japan, excepting at a theatre where they sat on the floor in little square places with their little tea tables by them. The play showed how an American woman would quiet her baby—by shaking it up, and tossing it up, and singing at the top of

her voice at the same time. Then the audience laughed quietly. I see that they think we are queer, too. I never thought of that before. When you have seen Japan, you will be more thankful than ever that you live in America, and do not have to go around the streets with the babies of the family strapped on your back.

Look up on the map and see where we went through the inland sea to Nagasaki. I've got a red turtle drum like the one the priests beat in the temple to make Buddha listen to them. Mother bought it for me in an antique shop because I didn't "fuss" at going shopping.

Off now for the Philippines.

Your loving cousin,

BEECH.

Chapter III.
FILIPINO YOUNGSTERS.

CHINA SEA,
OCTOBER 26TH

My dear Bradford:

I CAN only write you a short letter this time, as I haven't much to say or much time to say it in. The Philippines, as you know, belong to America. The

Spanish used to own them, but some few years ago when we went to war with Spain to help Cuba get her liberty, Admiral Dewey chanced upon the Philippines; he heard some firing and thinking that maybe some Cubans were there and getting hurt he joined in the fray. When the Spanish warships saw the stars and stripes, they scattered their ships and sank them themselves and went down with them, and Admiral Dewey was forced to hand the U. S. A. a nice little group of islands. The U. S. A. didn't want them, and Dewey didn't want them, so then they sent Taft over and he peacefully took possession. The Filipinos didn't like it, and Spain didn't like it. But what else could he do?

This is history. We Americans ought to be proud of our country when we see how superior we are to the Filipinos. We have just put up a most magnificent hotel in Manila, built like an old Spanish palace. There are tile bathrooms. The "help" in this big hotel are all little dark-skinned Filipinos, with their white shirts worn outside their white trousers. They are all barefooted. The stately Ameri-

The Philippines
Manila. Awfully Interested in Old Church and Wall
Olongapo. Old Spanish Gate and Cariboo Gait

can officers act like Spanish grandees. They never, never smile or say "Thank you" or tip the "stupids," as they call them. They expect them to understand English by instinct and frown at them until the poor little natives lose what wits they have. But really and truly, the Americans are treating the natives kindly, teaching them to hustle and run the lawn mower and work in the hot sun, and to spend their money on moving picture shows. They are showing them a lot of new tricks; one store we were in has little holes in the floor, and instead of heat coming up, a cold blast nearly lifts you off your feet. Mother looked as though she had on a hoop skirt when she got over one. Manila is a flat city, walls and all that sort of thing, but the "Americans will make it more convenient, if less artistic soon," father said. The funniest sight is to see the water buffalo or caribou harnessed to a cart and driven by a half-naked Filipino. These animals have a skin that dries and cracks if it doesn't wallow in mud every day. It has great horns and can't bear the smell of an American. Not caring to

be hooked, I always kept to the leeward when I saw one coming.

We went to a Filipino school taught by an American. He didn't need to teach them politeness as it is natural to them. The youngsters seemed a bright lot, anxious and quick to learn, but the teacher didn't make a remarkable showing on that score. They sang a song called "Jolly Boys Are We," and by the way they looked they must have thought it a kind of dirge. They had a lot of baskets, lace and embroidery they had made, and we bought some to take home as there is no duty on that work. The "boys" as they are called, take the best care of the houses. The beds are covered with mosquito netting to keep out the flies. They furnish good food, buy it and cook it; they write a beautiful letter in English, and keep all the accounts—as well as a game rooster for Sunday service. They are clean, even in their native cities. Some one said that the "United States officers were afraid to smile at them for fear they would not respect them." I quietly grinned at the "boys" sometimes and they did the same.

The Philippines
Subig. A Summer Resort All the Year Around
Subig. A Fashionable Promenade

The Bilibid prison at Manila is the most interesting place I ever saw. The Americans have made it a show place. Let me see if I can explain it to you. Think of a wheel, a guard house high up on the hub, along the spokes stone buildings for prisons, then in the space between the buildings men marching in perfect order to the music of a prison band. At the first strain of "The Star Spangled Banner" every cap came off, and I confess to something in my throat as I listened to that splendid music and thought of the words, "And this be our motto, in God be our trust," and I felt sure that God was leading all His children to love each other. They make lovely furniture and silver things at the prison.

Yours as ever,

BEECH.

Chapter IV.
THE HILL CITY OF HONG KONG.

AT SEA,
NOVEMBER 8TH

Dear cousin Bradford:

My letters are always dated at sea because on the land we are too busy sightseeing to do anything else. Well, now travel is getting to be some fun for a

China
Hong Kong. Ready To Drink It All In

boy. Of course it is improving to one's mind, and it is a fine way to learn geography and history; but it is a little tiresome to have to keep so tidy and clean all the time. We aren't allowed to complain about the weather or to grumble at the kind of food we have, or to stuff ourselves when we like anything specially well, or even to say, "I'm hot," or "I'm cold." We are all glad when we leave the ship and get our thoughts fastened on something else besides ourselves.

My, but Hong Kong is a beauty! We came into the harbor at night, and it looked as if a tall tree with candles all burning rose out of the water before us specially for the occasion. The harbor was filled with a lot of queer vessels all lighted up, and the sky was glittering with stars. As it was only a few steps we walked to our hotel. The next morning I was up early and out on our balcony, and found that Hong Kong is built on a great hill. Only tiers and tiers of roofs, one on top of another, were to be seen. I found out at breakfast that Hong Kong belongs to England, and I knew that they owned the hotel, for we

had no fruit for breakfast, but we did have porridge, finnan haddie, chicken livers, cold mutton and rhubarb.

We attended service at a nice little Christian church that is built up on the rock; and how do you suppose we got there? Not exactly carried in arms by a Chinese nurse, but almost the next thing to it, for we were each put into a chair and carried on the shoulders of two very lightly clothed Chinese men. They walked straight up the hill without stopping once. It seemed so good to hear the old hymns once more in a church and to think that away off here, Truth, like a star, was glowing in the darkness. In the afternoon we went to the top of the hill and saw a great panorama of the city and harbor, with its long enclosing arm of hills. Hong Kong means "good harbor" or "fair haven."

You have heard of Canton ginger and Canton flannel and Canton china, but when we went to Canton we found the people making many more things. We had a guide and rode in a long procession of chairs, with our courier ahead, through the narrowest streets imaginable. The

China

Canton. Twelve Miles of Roofs With Streets Under Them

Hong Kong. Tough Roads for an Auto

Chinaman loves a noise, and every chairman loudly proclaimed that the great mogul from America had arrived with his family. There were little shops with big men stripped to the waist, working at all trades with their pigs and chickens around them. Swarms of children, led by women who wear trousers and a short coat and green earrings, almost blocked our way. As far down the street as you could see were hung signs in red and gold.

Their religion is founded on ancestor worship and the roofs of their temples are covered with great dragons and filled with images of their ancestors, called gods. One had as many as 500 images in it. They never really let their ancestors go; they make paper money and food and clothes and think they send these things to them by burning them in their temples. The Chinese dislike to have their heads cut off, for they do not want to disgrace their ancestors by meeting them with their heads in their hands. They take specially good care of the old folks. They are Buddhists like the Japanese, but no Shintoism for them; they don't want to fight anything, not even

dirt. They are so full of business in Canton that they don't seem to have time to think of anything else. We saw them making silk, red and black lacquer boxes, carving ivory and making hat pins out of birds' feathers. All their shops are little and dark. When I began to get hungry, I wondered where in that wilderness of smelly shops and crowds of Chinos we could ever find anything to eat, but, after a little, our guide stopped at an ivory shop—the only one in town that had a door—and we had "tiffin," English for lunch. In the Philippines they call it "chow." I do not believe that half the children in Canton ever saw green grass or a tree, but they are up to mischief like other boys, for I got a stone flung at me and a slap from a gibbering little rascal who demanded "cunshaw" which means present, but our coolies rushed along too fast for me even to pull his pigtail.

The next morning we went back to Hong Kong and took the boat to Shanghai. It is a three days' trip. I don't see how a fellow can get much idea of the Chinese when the English build the

China
Shanghai. Chinese Junk. (You Bet!)
Canton. Old Gate on Wall

hotels and boulevards and banks, run automobiles and have race courses all around their cities. We left Shanghai the same night for Nanking and on our train, in our compartment, were two learned Chinese, known as such by their long-pointed finger nails. They wore glasses. We were soon given another compartment by ourselves.

It was rather scary walking in the dark over the worn pavements of Nanking to a little Chinese hotel kept by an English woman, but we had a good supper and made a bluff at sleeping with forty kinds of noises going on in the streets all night. In the morning mother and father took 'rickshaws to the boat, but the rest of us walked through much filth and dirt to the little river steamer which was to take us up the Yangtse Kiang. We were glad enough to get into a quiet, clean place with plenty of good food and fruit to eat. The color of the river is a tinge between pea puree and strained pumpkin. I was glad when we got to Hankow. The Chinese always encourage each other when they work by shouting and grunting, and when they are loading or un-

loading a steamer they make a racket for sure. We had to grin and bear the weather, for it poured for two days and was awfully cold; but the captain won our hearts because he had an American coal stove set up in the center cabin for our comfort. Sometimes we would all get desperate for fresh air and would rush out in the rain and gladly get back again to the coal stove and dry clothes, listening to the most terrible tales of the fighting which went on at Hankow last year.

It was a happy moment when our train, which goes only once a week, pulled out from Hankow to take us to Peking. It was cold, though, and our compartments were like little narrow cells until the steam came on, and we had a fine meal in a splendid sleeping car. Then to our satisfaction we found that we could remain in this car between whiles. Fine looking men, something like our Indians, were working in the fields. But where were all the women? It seemed a world of men and they were all dressed in long blue aprons and fur-lined coats; and as an evidence of civilization, many wore yel-

China
New Shanghai. Pagoda, 2000 Years Old

low automobile goggles when driving their little pony carts in the fields. I don't feel yet that I've got into China and hope that my letter from Peking will give you some history.

Sincerely,

BEECH.

Chapter V.
PEKING, FOUR CITIES IN ONE.

S. S. "FENTUNG",
NOVEMBER 10TH

Dear Bradford:

I got your letter at Peking and was mighty glad to hear all the news about all the games and what the boys are doing. You ask me to tell you more

China
Peking. Going to Ancestral Worship

about the real geography and history of the countries I pass through. Now you see a fellow can't grasp everything, and you might better look up in your geography and follow me around. My, but China is a great country!

Where do you think I am writing this? In a snug little English boat that we took at Tientsin to go back to Shanghai from Peking. The wind and the tide seemed to interfere with our plan and we are stranded on mud flats for goodness knows how long, so I'll have time to tell you about our banner trip to Peking. We did so much sightseeing there we didn't have time to peek in a shop, although mother wanted to buy a bamboo bird cage.

When the train pulled into Peking at 4 o'clock in the afternoon, I wasn't prepared to see anything wonderful, and when I found myself going like mad in a 'rickshaw with the rest of our party and about a thousand other 'rickshaws through a great archway in an immense wall, I got a thrill. Such a racket you never heard; then suddenly we came to a broad quiet street with large fine houses on each side enclosed in high walls. In one I

saw Old Glory flying, and I took off my hat and cheered. Those houses belong to the legations of different nations. As usual, the coolies made a rumpus about their pay, when we reached the hotel. That's because dad gives them too much and they want to squeeze a little more out of him. We went to the Wagons Lits hotel—that means "Sleeping Car." It belongs to the railroad company. It was cheering to hear the steam leaking out of the radiators in our bedrooms, for you see we had come from the tropics, where we wore thin white clothes all the time, and took a bath every day, and now we had jumped into winter. At Hankow mother bought me heavy boots, thick stockings, a sweater and fur-lined gloves. We had reason to be happy to find such a warm hotel and plenty of hot water for bathing. The next day was Sunday and we all bundled up to go to the "Temple of Heaven," which I supposed was a church. I thought maybe I'd see a lot of Chinese men dressed up in those gorgeous robes mother likes to buy, playing on harps, perhaps, and heavenly blue tiles on all the floors. Well, we got a

China
Peking. Ancestral Church
Peking. The Altar of the Temple of Heaven

guide and our 'rickshaws and we went inside the great wall through the Chinese City over a pavement not less than 2500 years old. We saw thousands of men with long blue nightshirts on and black pigtails hanging down their backs, and once in a great while a Chinese woman in a 'rickshaw, with her face painted white and her cheeks and lips red, and a big black headdress with flowers stuck in it. Nobody looked at her, and she only opened her eyelids a tiny bit and looked straight ahead at nothing.

I was afraid we would be late for church, as the way was so long. At last we reached a peaked roof entrance and tumbled out. Then we started to walk, and we did walk, through groves, through gateways, through little temples and so on. At last we stood alone on a high place and the guide told us that this was the "Temple of Heaven," much to my surprise. Everybody raved about it, but I was a little disappointed because no one else was there.

I like Peking. It is four cities in one, and each one is walled, and then there is one great wall around them all. The

"Forbidden City" is near the station, and all you can see of it are roofs covered with yellow tiles. No visitors are allowed there. The republic has given this city to the little boy Emperor whose kingdom has been taken away from him. He and the imperialists can stay shut up there as long as they wish. Then there is the Tartar City, and inside of it the Imperial City, and the fourth part is called the Chinese City. It is a Chinese puzzle for sure. They are great on pagodas, too. I almost forgot to say a word about them. When they wish to do something very sacred, they build a cocked hat Tower of Babel. Sometimes these towers are seven stories high and there is a priest on each floor. They make good barracks for the soldiers now. They have a temple of agriculture where the United States soldiers had their barracks ten years ago.

The Chinese are responsible for giving to the world the torture of written examinations. They had a great building where thousands took them at once, but it was destroyed.

Good-bye,

BEECH.

Chapter VI.
A LONG TRIP TO THE MING TOMBS.

NOVEMBER 10TH

Dear cousin Bradford:

At last we are off the mud flats and bounding like a rubber ball over the Yellow Sea. This boat is a little one, so they put up great sails to steady her.

I mailed my history letter yesterday, and will finish up our Peking trip. I do like the Chinamen, they seem so dignified and patient, they are such workers and they aren't too painfully clean. I thought they were cruel to their women, but when I learned that the Chinese women have a tongue like a whip lash, and that men are so very much afraid of them that they bind their feet so that they cannot run after them and berate them, I thought the men were pretty smart. I hear that they have given their women the vote since China has become a republic, and that Chinese women may now be as free as the "walkovers" will allow. I think that squeezed-in feet are prettier than squeezed-in waists, anyhow.

When I first heard of the Ming dynasty and that we were to have a trip across the country to the Ming tombs, it was a change from the everlasting dragon churches, and I was ready for new sensations. We had a very intelligent guide and his name is Kowlatze. He put on six suits to make the trip, so we were prepared for some freeze. We started early in the morning and went over a fine rail-

China
Strange Beasts Afield
En Route for Ming Tombs

road made by the Chinese engineers and coolies to Nanking. There we had "tiffin" in a cute little Chinese hotel. We were each given a tiny little room and in each a tiny little coal stove was going full blast. Everything was clean and we enjoyed the regulation French breakfast. Then came a ride of 22 miles. Mother and father were each carried in a chair on the shoulders of four big coolies. I'll show you a picture of them when I come home. Robert and I had a little pony apiece, and we were bundled up in numerous capes and shawls.

The guide rode a donkey padded out on each side, and a man ran beside us all the way. We started off across a country, bleak and bare, over a narrow, rocky trail, up hill and down, nothing in sight but the quiet hills and sometimes a bunch of donkeys carrying loads five times as big as themselves, looking like walking straw stacks. We trotted on, but I guess the bareback riders didn't have as comfortable a time. It seemed very perilous from a distance. Every 300 steps, the coolies who carried the chair would jerk and stop and change the

pole to the other shoulder even if they were going up a steep narrow place. They had to cross running streams on slippery stepping stones, but father and mother are old stagers now and they keep stiff upper lips.

In about an hour and a half we reached a sort of gateway of five arches right out in the open. The guide said that it was "most imposing," but it wasn't to me. It was carved all over with serpents and dragons, and was somewhere in its thousandth year. "Why," said mother, as she came bouncing up from a sudden jolt, "are we there already?" "No, madam," said our guide. "Allee beginnee here; five millee more."

It seems when Ming was alive he built his own tomb and made this archway to call attention to the fact. The avenue leading to the tomb is of marble and five miles long, and guarding the way are colossal marble animals 12 feet high, arranged in pairs—two camels standing and at a little distance two more kneeling; then dogs and then a procession of immense marble men, and they have all been standing for ages in that solitary

China
Mingville. "Let Us Pray"
Mingville. Mausoleum of Ming the Great. Jug Maker

country without any friends or admirers. It must be lonesome enough. What Mr. Ming meant by it all I didn't find out.

On and on we rode over a lop-sided pavement and marble bridges until we saw at the foot of some mountains that looked for all the world like the dragons they have on the churches, little red and yellow tiled roofed settlements dotted around. I thought they were villages, but they proved to be the tombs of the emperors. When we reached the entrance to the largest one and were told that it was Yong Lo's tomb, I thought it was time to find out for sure what the Ming dynasty was anyway, for we had started out to see the Ming tombs and the only one we had time to see was Yong Lo's. So it was explained to me that it was like going to see the tombs of the Hanoverian rulers in England; we should find there the tombs of George the Third, William and Mary, Queen Victoria and others. The Ming dynasty means the emperors of one period. They were a very intelligent, art-loving set of rulers; they encouraged the making of beautiful pottery and beautiful temples.

Art lovers of all countries search for Ming things for all their museums.

When we came out again at the entrance we had a cup of tea and some cakes at a rough little table and then we started for our hotel. It was already getting dark, the sun soon set and the paper lanterns were lit on the chairs. The cold nipped; at last—ages it seemed—we heard the welcome sound of the engine whistle and were soon warm and happy.

The next morning we were up at five o'clock to take a construction train on our way to see the famous Wall of China. The Chinese seem to love to make walls that crawl all over the mountainsides; but railroads are taking the place of walls now and instead of keeping in, they are finding how to get out. We walked up the Nankow pass, rough and stony, and the wind seemed to stick pins into us as we scudded along to get under the shelter of that big stone wall—the greatest wonder in the world, all built because the Chinese were afraid. It is so long that no one has ever been around it. There are little stations near together on the

China
The Real Wall
A Cold Day When We Left the Wall

top, but it is falling to pieces. We couldn't do much but try to find the warm corners and stare and wonder. We saw a caravan of camels come through the gateway into Mongolia, carrying their heads high, and taking high velvety steps.

Mother says that China's glory is yet to come, that her people will win out against greed and envy; she loves peace, she has patience and tremendous strength; her love of color, art and design are even now far ahead of our understanding. To the grown-ups the greatest thing in China is its china. Mother says that a vase can tell a story of their ideals of beauty, of their most sacred thought and of the wonderful insight they had into the laws of color, harmony and design. (She wrote this, and I copied it.)

Goodbye to China and to you,

BEECH.

Chapter VII.
TOURING IN CEYLON.

AT SEA,
DECEMBER 18TH

Dear Bradford:

At last the day arrived for us to leave Colombo and to take the train for the interior of Ceylon. As usual we were taken to the station in 'rickshaws.

Ceylon
Colombo. Galle Face Hotel
Colombo. A Street Chat

A "boy" had been engaged to go with us there and through India. He was a high class Singalese with his comb and drapery all complete; and he was small, as most of the inhabitants of Colombo are, but he had a very important and masterly air and kept beggars and low caste men out of our way. As he had such an unpronounceable name he wished to be called "Charlie," and he called me "Master," the same as he did Daddy. He paid our bills and gave small tips when necessary. When we whirled out of Colombo to go back into a past of 2500 years, my thoughts whirled, too, as I tried to imagine the glories of the holy city of Anuradhapura at that time. Stars were out when we arrived at the station, and I could see the mysterious dagobas or hills and water tanks all around. Then we got into a funny little bullock cart and were jolted over the stony roads to our "rest house" where we were to have dinner. The pilgrims used to have rest houses instead of hotels, so the one-storied buildings are still called rest houses. We found the rooms comfortable and the dinner like all the others—

soup, fish, meat cakes, chicken, rice and curry, pumpkin and potatoes, pudding, fruit and coffee. You can always find something on the list that tastes good.

The next day we took an automobile and a guide to see the sights. We didn't get an early start, for the usual rule in hot countries is to have tea, bread and jam sent to the bedrooms at 7 o'clock then breakfast at 9; so I had time to read over those questions and answers mother had written out for her own benefit as well as mine, so we would know something about the people and the things they built and why they built them.

Who was Tissa the Good?

He was the King of Sinhala, as Ceylon was then called, 309 B. C., and he sent to Emperor Asoka of India, whom he had never met, some wonderful jewels by four ambassadors, to show him what treasures were to be found in his kingdom. Asoka sent back "chrowrie" (royal fly flappers), golden slippers, sandalwood, one hundred and sixty loads of hill paddy, rice and many other things, and the most important of all, a letter telling

CEYLON
COLOMBO. SEEN FROM A DISTANCE
COLOMBO. A NOISY NEIGHBOR

Tissa about his god called Buddha, his doctrines, etc. Tissa lived in Anuradahpura.

Who was Mahinda?

He was the son of Emperor Asoka of India, a Buddhist monk, who was sent with four other priests to the great Tissa to convert him to Buddhism.

What is Mihintale?

It is the name of a rocky hill whose summit is reached by many hundreds of ancient steps. A dense forest surrounds it.

Where did Mahinda meet Tissa the Good?

On the top of Mihintale. Tissa had been hunting when he came upon Mahinda and the four priests sitting peacefully on the top of this mountain. He sat down to listen to the story they told of Buddha, and then and there became converted and had all his country turn Buddhists, and all good Singalese call themselves Buddhists today.

What is a Pirivena?

It was a school building for young monks who were supported by the people.

What is a Dagoba?

It is a dome-shaped temple of solid masonry containing a relic of Buddha or of a disciple.

Who was Saghamitta and what did she bring to the sacred city of Anuradhapura?

She was the sister of Mahinda and daughter of Asoka, Emperor of India. She came to the holy city to bring a branch of the sacred Bo-tree to Tissa.

What is the sacred Bo-tree?

It is the oldest historical tree in existence. It was brought to Anuradahpura 240 B. C. and it is a branch of the tree Buddha sat under when he meditated and thought out the system of Buddhism.

Who was Dutthagamini?

He was one of Sinhala's most famous kings, and is what George Washington is to us. All the youngsters in Ceylon know his story. He lived about 100 years after Tissa the Great. He is called Duttha—undutiful—because he would not promise to let the Tamils (a foreign tribe) stay, as his father wished him, in Anuradhapura. He was handsome, athletic, and brave. He had a splendid

CEYLON
ANURADHAPURA. A REAL LIVE DAGOBA
ANURADHAPURA. PUZZLE: FIND THE RELIC INSIDE

army of his own. One day when he was sixteen years old he asked his father "to let him drive out the Tamils." His father was so anxious for his beloved son that he would not give him permission. So the disappointed boy sent his father the message that "if he were a man he would let him drive out an enemy." The father was angry, and ordered a gold chain to be made to bind the boy, but the boy ran away. He became sole ruler of Sinhala 161 B. C., the greatest of all the builders and a strong Buddhist. He built Ruwanweli Dagoba and seven pirivenas and many water tanks, and the "Brazen Palace."

We went first to see the sacred Bo-tree. I am sending you a picture of it. It looks like a poplar, and is in an enclosure walled round with brick. Daddy didn't have any change, so he gave the priest a dollar, and he gave us leaves of the tree, blessed us and let us take his photograph. The priests were dressed in yellow and had ashes on their heads. Then we saw the oldest rock temple in Ceylon, built by Tissa, with a stone Buddha in it. All that remains of the

Brazen Palace are a lot of oblong stones tumbling over each other. It was once a grand school, all covered with gold and furnished with elegance. We passed it in the auto. The greatest dagoba which Tissa built is the Thuparama. It was built 300 B. C. and still stands surrounded by its classic columns, the "most elegant of all dagobas," so the guide book says. Then we saw the dagoba built by Dutthagamini, called Ruwanweli. It is made of solid brick. It has many treasures inside.

After lunch we had a fine spin over a grand road, through jungles filled with ruins. There were Buddhas in stone sitting in meditation by the wayside, and coolies working hard at excavating another ruined city, Morea. We did have a fine time at Mihintale. Look at the flights of steps we went up, and there were two other flights besides. We saw a regular priest city on top away up in the air. It was on this hill that Buddhism was first preached to Ceylon, and it was Mahinda's home in rainy weather. There was his bed of big rocks, and a great water tank. But I got tired of

Ceylon

Kandy. Temple of the Sacred Tooth

Anuradhapura. Mahinda Brought Buddhism Up Here to Ceylon's Ruler

dagobas and I guess you have, too. The next day we just took a look at one more dagoba, the highest of all—400 feet high and 1150 around. We had a fine ride all the morning over splendid roads, through the jungle, with lots of bright colored birds flying about singing, and monkeys chattering and grinning at us from the trees.

At noon we reached a rest house and started out at once to see the famous Sigiriya (Lion) rock. We climbed up and up, passing troops of noisy monkeys, and before we got to the top we were soaked through with the rain, and the wind was blowing strongly. But we didn't mind anything, because we were bound to see how King Kasyapa lived up on the top of this mountain centuries ago. No enemy could ever have dislodged him if he had stayed at home. He had a rock throne, a large audience chamber painted with gay colors, large water tanks, trees and gardens. The next day we had a spicy ride through cinnamon groves, tea and coffee plantations, cocoa trees, cloves and nutmegs, and rubber plantations. Kandy is a fine mountain

city with a fine hotel, and many Europeans go there for its climate. They make many silver things here and mother bought an antique necklace and some old Portuguese jewelry.

One of our trips was to the caves of Dambulla high up in the mountains; they are painted all over with historical scenes in red and yellow oil paint, as bright as if they had just been done. King Walagamba, who took refuge here when he was an exile, had a figure of Buddha lying down, cut out of the solid rock. It is forty-seven feet long, and there are hundreds of others sitting around meditating. The priests are so anxious to get a little cash for themselves that they are a great bother.

The next day we were glad to take the train for Colombo and pack our trunks for India.

Your loving cousin,

BEECH.

Chapter VIII.
INDIA, LETTER ONE.

AT SEA,
JANUARY 6TH

My dear Bradford:

We have said goodbye to India and are on a big steamer headed for Port Said with five days more before we land, so I must write you something of what I

learned of that great country—a job that seems almost as big as the country itself. We learned some history there. They say that India was settled by Japhet and his sons, so you see that it is a genuine antique. In olden times the Great Mogul, as the ruler was called, loaded his clothing with rubies, diamonds, and other precious stones, and hung ropes of pearls around his neck. He and the lesser rulers lived in splendor, and for amusement used to fight each other and take away each other's treasures. Things went on like this for many years, when Alexander the Great appeared on the scene in 327 B. C. Then there was a great battle with Porus. It was the first time the Greeks had ever seen such sky scrapers as elephants, but they shot at their legs with their arrows, and the elephants turned and trampled down their own army, and Alexander conquered the northern part of India. Later in the game, the Portuguese came in for plunder, and after them the Dutch. They were traders and wanted to corner the spices and pepper, and so they cut down great plantations of these trees, which would

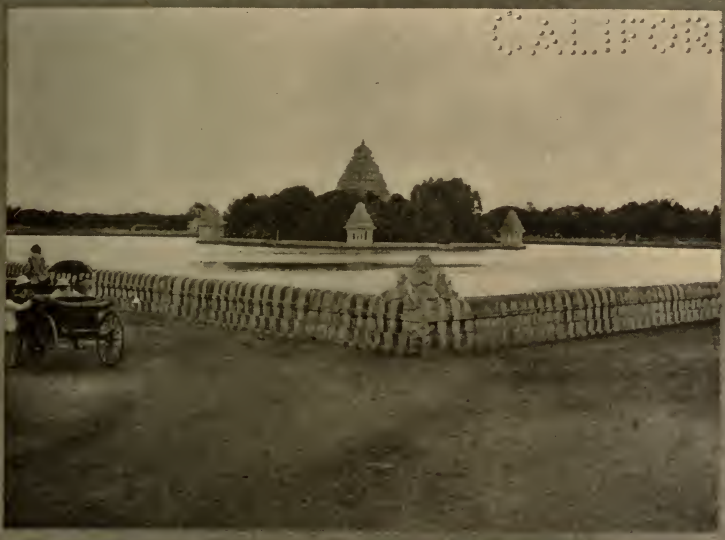
India
Madura. Gopuram—Down the Street
Madura. Temple Tank of Golden Lilies

raise the price. Then the English organized the East India Company and sailed into the Dutch in spicy fashion. The natives saw that much money was going out of their country and so they went to war about it, but although they had many more soldiers than the English, they had not the training and skill, and the English won the battle almost every time. Sir Thomas Roe, one of England's first ambassadors to India, won the respect of the Great Moguls for he wasn't afraid of any of them, and didn't "Kow tow" to them. They borrowed his sword from him and kept him with them three years. When Charles Second of England married Princess Catherine of Portugal, he was given the island of Bombay, which belonged to the King of Portugal, as part of her dowry. As he didn't have any use for it he sold it to the East India Company for ten pounds, which shows that England didn't steal India.

Through the leadership of a young clerk, Robert Clive, the English were successful in fighting against the combined forces of French and Indian, without really meaning to gain territory for Eng-

land. When Clive went back to England the Indians arose and tried to throw off English rule. Fifty thousand men marched into Calcutta and attacked the English fort there. The president of the East India Company and the captains took the women and children in their ships and sailed away with them, and less than two hundred men were left to their fate. They were all crowded into a prison house only eighteen feet square, with two small windows, barred at the top, and kept there all night. They didn't have an inch to move in, and in the morning only twenty-three were alive. This is the awful story of the Black Hole of Calcutta. Clive came back to India in hot haste and fought the great battle of Plassey, where he lost only twenty-two men to six hundred of the Indians, and that gave to Britain the whole of Bengal.

In 1700 a most unfair spirit of trade ruled in India; everybody tried to get all they could and give as little as possible. The poor natives were cheated and misery prevailed. Then England sent over to India a young man named Warren Hastings, who was one of the few saved



India
Madura. Sacred Tank and Temple
Benares. Early Morning Ride to See the Ghats

in the Black Hole. A dreadful famine had just swept over the land, and he had a job on his hands. "Clive by his sword won a great empire, Hastings kept it and made British rule in India sure." He was an honorable man and worked for the good of the whole country, but he had enemies who were jealous of him, and after doing his best for sixteen years, he went back to England and was under trial seven years for bribery and misrule. I suppose every school boy knows "The Defense of Warren Hastings." England sent over other men to rule India, who made good roads and built railways and put up telegraph lines. They had many Hindu soldiers in service, whose religion didn't allow them to eat meat, and there were other ancient customs that they didn't want to give up; but they were ordered to take off their turbans, cut off their hair, leave caste marks off their foreheads, and finally they were given a new cartridge that was greased on the end with lard and had to be bitten off before using. Now to a Brahman a pig is most unclean, and the soldiers were wild. It was just one hundred years

since the Black Hole, when a worse thing happened; it is called the Mutiny at Delhi. The native soldiers turned against the English and killed all they could. After a long siege at Lucknow, General Havelock came to the rescue. Then England decided that the Queen should take India in hand and govern it, by love if possible, by force if necessary.

I will end this brief history by telling you that when we were in Delhi two weeks ago, the Viceroy of India was holding a Durbar at the time of making Delhi the capital city of northern India, and a bomb exploded in the howdah where Lord and Lady Hardinge were riding, but it didn't do much damage and the procession moved on as if nothing had happened.

History is still making in India.

Goodbye,

BEECH.

Chapter IX.
INDIA, LETTER TWO.

AT SEA,
JANUARY 10TH

My dear Bradford:

Of all the people on earth I think the natives of India are the most interesting to study. They are supposed to come from the Aryan race as we do.

They are divided into four castes, but nobody knows for certain how this started, nor why they so everlastingly stick to it. They still have a book of their early hymns and prayers called Vedas. Brahmanism, which came later, was a belief in one universal Spirit which enters gods, men and nature. Prose was added to the Vedas and called Brahmanas. The first caste was the Brahmans or priests, second the warriors, called Kshatriya, then the Vaisyas or traders and manufacturers, the fourth called Sudras, the non-Aryan tribes who had been conquered and made slaves. The priests held firm control over the country and insisted upon the rule of caste because it put them at the head. The system seemed to work pretty well for the first three classes, for they didn't interfere with each other, but each went on with his praying, fighting or manufacturing without jealousy or ambition. Now fancy going into a country still ruled by such ideas!

The Mohammedan Turks conquered and forced their religion upon the Hindus for several hundred years, but they didn't

India
Benares. One of Fifty Ghats
Benares. Priest and Worshipped Gods

accept or acquire anything from them except their turbans and some wonderful buildings which I shall tell you about later, and the Turks were driven out. Then the English took possession, and that finished the struggle.

I am going to tell you what we saw in Madura, then you can see what "going to church" means in India. There is one great temple in that city entered by eight high gates or gopurams made of mud and covered by a thousand figures of Noah's family and heathen mythology. We went into the temple at evening. We might have been going to a circus. There was a great beating of tom-toms through the streets of the temple, processions of priests chanting at the top of their voices, dancing girls, stray sacred white bulls wandering around, and stalls on the side where offerings or merchandise could be bought. As far as we could see the inside of the arches was lighted by little oil cups, and the floors were lined with beggars and holy men who are not allowed to work for a living. The men were dressed in white cloths and had marks of some sort on their foreheads.

At one shrine a young priest in yellow robes threw garlands of yellow flowers around each one of our necks, but when Daddy gave him only a rupee he made such a fuss that Daddy tossed his garland back to him. The next morning, by paying fifteen rupees, five dollars, we saw all their treasures—there were golden calves, bulls, horses, imaginary animals and chariots and a Juggernaut car. Mother thought the jewels were the most wonderful she had ever seen.

In Benares, the most holy city in India, we went first to see the brass ware. One street is filled with brass shops, brass gods by the thousands, vases, cups, and the small water jars which the people carry wherever they go—into the fields, on a railway journey, or to a temple to worship. The women often carry three large ones filled with water on their heads. Those jars are always kept shining. There were also little square flower baskets to carry offerings to the temples. I thought a collection of Hindu gods would interest the folks at home so I bought a few: Brahma, who stands for the creator of all —he has four heads and arms; Saraswati,

India
Fatehpur-Sikri. Akbar's Tomb
Fatehpur-Sikri. One House in This Empty Town

his wife, who is the goddess of music, speech, art and literature; Vishnu, who is called the preserver, has one head and four arms. He holds a club, a lotus flower, a conch shell and a quoit in his hands. They say he has been on the earth nine times, and is expected the tenth. His wife, Lakshmi, sits on a cobra or hooded snake, representing eternity, and she has a little Brahma in her arms.

The Hindus have men whom they specially honor because of their unusual lives. One was called Rama. I have a dandy little statue of him. He was a model son and husband. When friends meet, it is common for them to salute each other by saying, "Rama, Rama." He had a faithful servant who was named Hanuman, and a brass god with the head of a monkey represents him. When the Hindus want help they bring flowers and trinkets to him. No one would kill a monkey in India, for they are sacred to him.

Krishna was the other teacher who came to deliver men from evil—anger, and avarice, and his statue is the best of all. The figure stands on a serpent, for

when a boy, he killed the serpent Kali by holding its tail in one hand and a lotus flower in the other. He has two other hands, and they are playing a flute. Mother told me that the educated Hindus call him the "soul of India." If they had left out Shiva, the destroyer, and Durga the terrible or Kali, as she is called, they would have done better. You can tell Shiva from the others because he wears a tiger skin and carries a noose, a trident, an antelope and a drum in his four hands. Shiva's son is a fat devil with an elephant's head. He brings good luck.

I shall not soon forget the sight we had one early morning when we took a boat down the sacred river Ganges. Most of the rivers of India are sacred, but the Ganges is the most sacred of all. On the city side are built many "ghats" or landing places. The banks are high and steps and temples are crowded in up to the top. We saw thousands of people washing their bodies in the most devout manner, praying, and drinking the water. Many holy men sat cross-legged in little cells meditating, trying to think out the mystery of life and how they may escape

India
Kutab. Our Sheik Guide

coming back to earth into ever so many different animals before they can reach heaven. We could see the sacred thread of cotton, a symbol of their faith, which the high class men wear. It is always blessed by a Brahman priest. They never eat meat or kill animals of any kind; they give a lot of money to the priests and beggars, and fast and do penance, and above all they never touch or speak to a low caste person. Their most sacred animal is the cow, and they think that all are heathen who wear leather shoes or eat beef. They won't even kill a mosquito. They eat the simplest vegetable food on clean freshly gathered leaves, and they wash themselves many times a day. The real business of their lives seems to be to keep the body clean and to pray for enlightenment. With all this craze for cleanliness we were surprised to find in the temples such filth, poverty and disease. Everywhere hundreds of beggars, horrid smells, and Shiva and Kali images covered with flowers. India is not a land of graves, like China. When any one passes on, the body is put in cloth or palm leaves and quickly

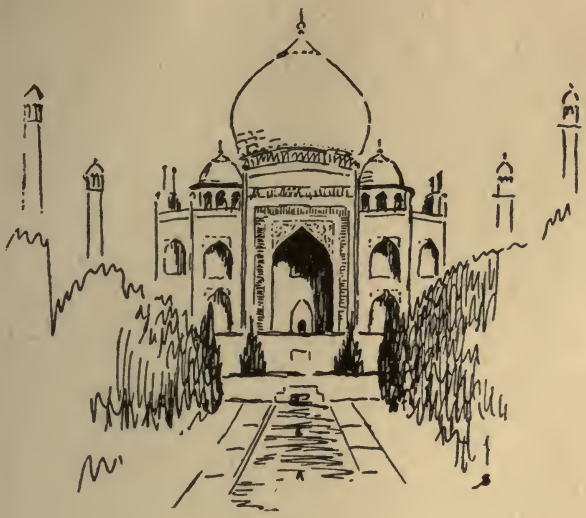
burned, and the ashes are thrown into the Ganges. We went to one temple devoted to Durga where a goat is sacrificed every morning to gain her favor. The priests can eat that holy meat. Hundreds of monkeys run all over the temple, and it is anything but clean.

Perhaps you will remember what I wrote you about Buddhism in Japan and China. Well it was in Benares that Gautama Buddha began to teach his ideas about the creation six hundred years before Christ and we went to see where he lived in a deer park with his five disciples. It is called Sarnath, and there is an immense unfinished stupa, which is like a dagoba, only it hasn't any relics in it, but just marks the place of Buddha's teaching. There is a tower built by King Asoka, who gave the Buddhist religion a great start, 272 B. C. But today Burmah, Ceylon, China and Japan worship the calm meditating figure more than they do in India.

I am sure that you will think this is enough about false gods.

Yours lovingly,

BEECH.



Chapter X.
INDIA, LETTER THREE.

THE RED SEA,
JANUARY 10TH

My dear Bradford:

We liked Agra with its mosques and fine buildings and the stories of Akbar and Shah Jahan. They were two among many Turks who ruled India, and they

are specially remembered for their talent in building. One of the sights today is the palace called Fatehpur-Sikri built by Akbar who lived there in 1568. There are twelve different buildings enclosed by a high wall. The pavement is of marble and made like a parchesi board, and when they played the game, slave girls were used as checkers. We saw the elephant stables, the audience room, and Akbar's sleeping rooms, called "the palace of dreams." The Fort is another one of the sights, partly built by Akbar. It is a collection of palaces surrounded by walls of red sandstone seventy feet high. But Shah Jahan outdid all the others when he built the wonderful Taj Mahal, the tomb of his beloved wife and queen, for all the world says that it is most chaste, romantic and beautiful. It was twenty-two years in building. Mother says that it is a sacred symbol of pure human love, rare in a land like India, where they think women are inferiors. I wanted to bring home a little ivory model of the Taj, but as it cost $100, I decided to get along without it.

Not only the mosques have domes but

India
Agra. The Famous Taj Mahal
Taj Mahal's Builder—Shah Jahan

the tombs as well, domes and mosques everywhere. At Delhi I enjoyed our ride in a rickety little automobile when we went to see the Kutal Minar, a big tower 238 feet high, called "the tower of victory." Jaipur is a pinkish purple town, all the buildings are of that color, and it is run by a real Indian Maharaja. It reminded us of Canton, for there are many shops and everybody busy—printing cloth with print blocks by hand, making enamels and all kinds of art pottery and brass ware. We had a great ride of three miles to Amber on the top of a huge elephant, to see the old palace of the Maharaja. "Slow as cold molasses" was no name for it. One Hindu, sitting on the elephant's head, jabbed his thick hide and another walked behind punching his legs. We met several parties coming and going over the hills. I must say that I enjoyed every minute of it, but Daddy, who had never gone so slow in his life before, wanted to get off and walk, because he knew he could go twice as fast as the elephant. However, as it was a piping hot day he concluded he would at least be cooler where he was.

Our next novel ride was in a Tonka, a wagon with two seats back to back, up Mount Abu, eighteen miles into the sky. I imagined myself in a Roman chariot. We changed horses every two or four miles and rattled on at reckless speed. Our driver and footman wore great yellow turbans, and how the dust did fly! And what do you think? When we reached the top of that mountain, I found we had come all this way to see a Jain temple. Then we all had to learn something about the Jains. They are the strictest sect of all the Hindu people, and despise the others. They build their temples together in high places. They love animals alive, not cooked, and would not kill the tiniest creature. They even loved them better than their fellow men. I saw some beautiful pigeon roosts they made in one city with marble columns and much decorated walls. But I remember better the glorious ride down the hill.

The Sikhs are a fine class of Indian men who do not believe in caste, do not worship idols nor drink or smoke, and they are loyal English subjects. They

India
Mt. Abur. Starting for a Race Up the Mountain Twenty Miles

have no leader, but a book which guides them, but we saw no temple belonging to them.

At Bombay we stopped at a Parsee hotel, a grand one too, so clean and such good food. Zoroaster is their teacher, and they seem to put their religion into practice. They are very clean, very devout, and honest in business. Two firms actually refunded money to us when they had made a mistake in the reckoning.

Goodbye, and now for Egypt, yours,

BEECH.

Chapter XI.
EGYPT, LETTER ONE.

ON THE MEDITERRANEAN,
FEBRUARY 12TH

My dear Bradford:

I HAVE been in Egypt just four weeks, enjoying donkey rides over the desert, seeing great heaps of stones called pyramids, going up the Nile in the finest little

Egypt
Sak Kara. Going Over the Desert to See the Sights

steamers, getting off to see old, old temples with their walls covered with pictures cut in the rocks, of gods, goddesses, kings, bulls and all sorts of animals; going down into deep, deep tombs carrying a candle which dripped the tallow all over your clothes while you looked at the brilliantly colored pictures of what they thought would happen after they left this world. As far as I could make out, they had to go boat riding with a jackal, and stand, when they landed, before a great god and have their souls weighed by a dog-headed ape against a feather, and then "good-bye, John, if you have a heavy heart."

We rode on a "ship of the desert" as a camel is called, and saw Nubians in their native huts. We saw the great Rock Temple at Abu Simbel that Rameses the second built to glorify himself as God. Would you believe it, a little stone wife and the daughter who took Moses out of the bulrushes were right beside his great toe. All the Egyptian Kings were called Pharaohs, you know, but he was the one who made life a burden for the Israelites. We even saw the great treas-

ure houses he built. Half of the temples in Egypt today are decorated with his seal or cartouche, and we found pieces of his great stone images spread over the plains. He wanted to live forever (as of course we all do), but he didn't want to be forgotten on this earth, and he has his wish, for I saw his very face in a mummy case in the Cairo Museum where thousands of Cook's tourists gaze at him every year, but I can't see that it helps him any, wherever he is.

If I wanted to write you a real true story of Egypt, I would have to go digging with the rest of the explorers and find a stone tablet covered with carvings of birds, crooked sticks, bugs and snakes, called hieroglyphics, which some learned man would decipher for me, that would tell just exactly a few definite things about the far-away past. Then other tablets must be found settling all points where historians differ; after that I would have to cram myself with the history of Ethipoia, Persia, Macedonia, Greece, Rome, Arabia, Turkey, France, and England, for all of them have had a big finger in the pie of Egypt, but the only nation

Egypt
Denderah. Ibrahim Giving a Call to Show Us Cleopatra On the Wall

that has succeeded in keeping it, is England, and she didn't really want the bother of looking after it. "And still the original Egyptian type of 6000 years ago works his little water mills at the side of his beloved river, rides on the haunches of his little donkey, raises wheat and sugar cane just as he did when Abraham visited this beautiful lily and papyrus land." He now wears his crown of the upper and lower Egypt in the shape of a Turkish fez or a Mohammedan turban, and is governed by a Christian nation.

You would be surprised to find that the weather is not a topic of conversation; it is always sunny and bright, cold in the morning and at night. The Nile makes Egypt. Their year is divided into four months of sowing, four months of growing, and four months for overflowing. Father showed me at Assouan, where we rode on little tram cars, how English engineers had built this great reservoir to hold back the Nile from being wasteful.

When I promised to write you easy history and geography, I didn't realize that it would be easy only for you. I have to read and study a lot, and it seems

to me that each country gets harder. "Where in the world is one to find the written history of this oldest civilization in the known world?" I asked mother. She said that historians regarded the Bible as most valuable help, and that the stone tablets found in the temple at Sakara and Abydos contained lists of kings and the years of their reign, and that a priest named Manetho, about 250 B. C. wrote a history and divided the list of kings from Menes to Alexander the Great into thirty-one dynasties or reigns of different royal houses; so as I couldn't get Manethos' history I studied up Baedeker and the Bible for your benefit.

Before starting to introduce the most noted of Egyptian kings to you, I must tell you something of their beliefs and customs. They were great believers in a Supreme power that expected them to do the right thing towards their fellow man, and who commanded their worship and gifts. They found chapters of a sacred book in some mysterious way at different times that told them about the future. It was called by translators "The book of the dead," but it meant to them, "coming

Egypt
Luxor. Karnak by Moonlight; Very Romantic

forth by day." They believed that many of the things they saw about them, the animals, plants, sun, were sacred. They always had a trinity—Father, Mother and Son, in their religion, but in different parts of the country had different names for them. Almost the only myth they based their hopes of eternal life on was their tradition of Osiris. It is something like this: Once upon a time, God, who had many names, decided to rule the lower sphere of earth so he appeared as four different kings. At first, their Osiris, the son of Seb and Nut (Father-Mother God) took the throne and became king of upper and lower Egypt. He was so good a king and loved his people so well that he aroused envy in the heart of Set, a spirit of evil, who killed him and put his body in a coffin and threw it in the Nile. Isis, his wife, wild with grief, searched for the coffin; at last when she found it and was taking it to Memphis to have the body mummified, Set stole it from her and cut it up in fourteen pieces which he hid in different places. The sad wife searched Egypt over until she found them and buried them together.

She called upon Horus to avenge his father, so Horus had a fierce fight with Set. Osiris returned from the "Elysian Fields," as they called the unknown heavenly state, and encouraged Horus to fight on until he killed Set, the spirit of evil.

The resurrection of Osiris was the strongest belief they had, and it was the foundation of their religion. Osiris, Iris and Horos form a most loved trinity. As they had over eighty-seven different names for God, and as each name was also associated with an animal, I won't try to give you a list. Ptah was worshipped at Memphis in the first century. He was called the father of all gods, and it was thought that all the other gods came from his eye, and mankind from his mouth. I speak especially of him because he was the first represented on the walls of the temples as holding the sceptre made of the key of life, strength and stability. That sceptre and its different signs separately is seen by the hundreds in all the temples and all gods hold the sceptre. The impression one gains of the ruling thought of Egyptian kings is that they wanted to have eternal life, enduring

Egypt
Esneh. Ibrahim Showing Off By a Curfew Tower

strength, and stability of character, from their gods. The business of life with the kings of Egypt seemed to be to prepare tombs, first for themselves, then their wives and sacred animals, and in such deep and hidden places that they could never be found; then to build temples and obelisks to their god. Egypt is full of them. Today at Karnak, Abydos, and on each side of the Nile, they show such wonderful knowledge of architecture and beauty that the globe-trotters from all countries crowd their avenues with delight.

The kings generally had four or five names written in two cartouches. We see their cartouches cut by the thousand on the pillars and walls of their temples and on scarabs. We hear so much about *scarabs* in Egypt and so many are offered for sale that I was curious to find out what they were. Our dragoman said that they were made out of stone pottery or glass in the shape of beetles, and that they were used by all royalty who had their cartouches put on the under side, and that they were used as gifts and jewelry and to put on their mummies. "Well, why did they choose the beetle," I asked. "Be-

cause a beetle is always a female," he said, "and they think it gets its life from God, so it is a type of eternal life." Father bought a fine royal one, not imitation.

Their belief in the resurrection of the body led to the mummifying of their dead and enclosing them in many beautiful caskets. I got tired of seeing them in the museums. They used to put lots of scarabs on them and jewelry and vases, and as years went on robbers used to hunt them out for their treasures. Now a lot of people from different countries are digging up whole regions and shoveling sand by the year in hopes of finding more mummies and scarabs. By reading a book called "The Queens of Egypt," I learned that woman's rights were in full force in all Egyptian dynasties; that they were thought to possess "solar life," and that many kings kept their thrones only because they had a royal princess for a wife. They had a queer custom of marrying their own sisters.

Today there are no queenly figures to be seen. The women all dress in black and wear veils over their faces, and drag their long black skirts in the dust. They

Egypt
Kom Ombo. The Crocodile God

never seem to have any fun. They fear to wash their children's faces, or drive the flies off from trying to do it, because it might bring an evil eye upon them. Like China and India it seems a country made by men for men. I'm prouder than ever of my own country, for our mothers and sisters have a freer time of it than any country I've seen yet.

In order to understand myself, as well as to teach you, of the most important times and the people that made them important, I am going to make believe that Egypt is a mystic pyramid of thought-steps and that I am looking at it through a telescope of time with the lens of history at its different stages. As this thought pyramid dates 6000 B. C. and had thirty-two dynasties, it would be beyond my power to make it readable, but as only about nine of the dynasties were notable, I will try it.

6000 B. C.

A period of mythology when kings were gods and demigods.

First Dynasty, 4400 B. C.

Away almost out of sight and of

any one's memory, King Menes sits on high, for he was the first named king, and wore the crowns of both upper and lower Egypt. He built a strong city on the site of Memphis.

SECOND DYNASTY, 4133 B. C.

The first king named Besh who wrote his name in a circle and started the idea of cartouches, is just visible. I forgot to tell you that a cartouche is a sort of a monogram made of animals and many marks.

THIRD TO SEVENTH DYNASTY, 3133 B. C.

I see pyramids arising all over Egypt—thoughts of perfection of form, endurance, of substance, and labor for the safety of their future lives, for all but the great pyramid were tombs to protect the mummies of their kings and queens.

SEVENTH TO EIGHTEENTH DYNASTY, 1600 B.C.

During these obscure centuries, when a cloud seems to have settled down, I see a strange procession — shepherds and flocks—crowds and crowds filling Egypt without opposition or war. They elect their own kings, called the Hyksos or Shepherd kings. The temples of the Egyptians are closed, and the great pyra-

Egypt
Assouan. Trying a Desert Aeroplane

mid of Gizeh is rising on high—the most wonderful temple ever built in this world. It is a witness in stone of the understanding of one who knew the past, present and future. "As we understand more of the truth," mother says, "we will learn great lessons from its arrangement, lines and measurements." They ruled during the fifteenth and sixteenth dynasties, and then left quietly. Some think Methuselah or Job lived then.

EIGHTEENTH DYNASTY, 1600 B. C.

Here come into view on a plane much nearer, wonderful temple buildings. We can see them with the naked eye, but the people who built them are not there, tho' many of their mummified bodies are the rich treasures of the Cairo museum. For the first time we see a strong, beautiful woman on the throne of Egypt, Queen Hatshepsut. She is domineering and rules her relatives as well as her people. I was not able to find out whether Tethmosis the Third who ruled after her, was her brother, husband or stepson, but he seems to wish to claim her glory for the future, and has obliterated many of her cartouches from the temples and put his own instead; but

the men employed to do this work were careless and we can see the truth underneath the fraudulent hieroglyphics. Doesn't that sound learned?

Tethmosis III was Egypt's greatest warior. He has captives and spoils galore in his train. The skill of the Egyptian artists and engineers at this time is shown now to the inhabitants of Rome, Constantinople, London and New York, by the wonderful obelisks they made, that have been taken to those cities.

Next Amenophis III appears on the scene with his graceful wife Thy. His love and devotion to her is displayed on rock-hewn tablets for all the world to see. He has the famous statues of Memnon made, that head an avenue of colossal figures to his temple, yet she is beside him even there. As a warrior and as a builder he is great, but as a devoted husband he is in that age unique. Amenophis III, fearing the control of the priests of Ammon, comes to view with a wonderful sun disk in his hand, and commands the people of Egypt to worship only one god. He is called the heretic king, and after his reign they go back to their former gods.

Egypt
Luxor. Bible Lesson. The Children of Israel Made These Granaries in the Time of Moses

I see many Israelites laboring in Egypt at this time.

NINETEENTH DYNASTY, 1400 B. C.

I see a great king, Seti, building a magnificent temple at Abydos—a stone book of history where he is teaching his young son Rameses to do homage to his seventy-six ancestors whose names are cut in the rock tablet. He is a man of artistic taste and has the best artists employed to decorate his temple with lasting beauty. I see his young son, Rameses II, filled with thoughts of daring achievements such as have never been thought of before. He is the Pharaoh of the Bible who opposes the Egyptians; his vast treasure houses can be seen without the telescope now. His wonderful rock temples are at Abu Simbel. His colossal statues still fill Egypt. His name is on more than half the temples, but he is beginning to glorify himself, to perpetuate his own name, to declare his own glory; but he also honors his beloved wife, Nefitari, and builds a rock temple for her with four large statues of himself and two small ones of her in front of it. After his glorious reign of sixty-seven years, he is called, like Tethmosis III, "The Great."

Minepath, the Pharaoh who drove the Israelites out of Egypt, according to history, as well as the Bible, runs his brief course around the pyramid of Egypt, and his hosts sink in the Red Sea.

TWENTIETH DYNASTY, 1200 B. C.

I see what is called the new empire dawning on Egypt. Twelve Rameses, one after another, on the throne, the only great one appears to be Rameses III, who builds temples showing his wonderful exploits at fighting, shooting and training his horses and soldiers, on their walls.

TWENTY-SIXTH DYNASTY, 1090-525 B. C.

Of all the kings that succeeded the Ramacides, the figure of King Amasis appears most clearly, not on account of his virtues, but of his deception. Cambyses, the king of Persia, sends for a wife from the family of the king of Egypt. Amasis sends a young princess, Netites, whose right he has taken away, as his own daughter, to the suppliant. Netites took vengeance on her enemy and revealed to Cambyses the fraud. Whereupon a lively war followed and proud Egypt was humbled to the dust, her rule destroyed, and

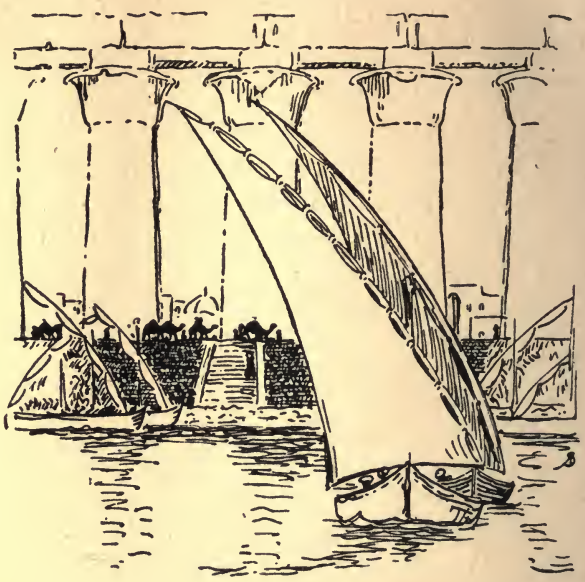
Egypt
Luxor. It Was the King's Pavilion Long Ago

her glory as an Egyptian nation forever diminished.

That will do for this time. Yours,

BEECH.

Postscript: This letter was worse than a composition. I had to read so much that it sounds awfully "grown up." If you ever come here it will save you a lot of study if you bring the "essay" along.



Chapter XII.
EGYPT, LETTER TWO.

FEBRUARY 13TH

My dear Bradford:

Now don't think that everything that I have written you about Egypt is gospel truth. The Egyptologists differ a century or two in their conclusions and so I

Egypt
Abydos. Copt School. Teaching from the Bible

may be a little off in some things. I am only writing you my thought about it, gained from what I have read and what mother has told me about their different decisions.

Well, any way the glory of Egypt as a nation passed in 525 and the sands of the desert filled their tombs and buried their many temples.

Persian Rule.

The Persians conquered the whole country by a large army led by Cambyses, (read the prophecy of Ezekiel, 30: 3-18) and the destruction he wrought is seen especially in the temple of Rameses III at Medinet Habu. He tore from the tomb mummies of the kings, he stabbed the sacred bull at Memphis and made fun of all their sacred objects. So Herodotus, the father of history says, and he adds that, afterward, he thought it wiser to join with their ideas and took a throne name and doubtless had a cartouche and restored some of the temples. Then Darius, Xerxes, Artaxerxes, came in order and called themselves kings of Egypt and joined in with the inhabitants in their superstitious worship. They had often to

fight them, however, to keep them down. In the last revolt against Persian power the Egyptians called upon the Greeks to help them; they cheerfully agreed and were thoroughly beaten. For many years Egyptian kings and Persian kings played a lively game of human chess, and some times one side, and some times the other would win and rule.

Alexander the Great, from Macedonia, jumps into the game in quite an unexpected manner and sweeps off the board. He built up the great city of Alexandria and founded its most famous library, but got a dose of poison for his pains.

Greek Rule.

The wonderful reigns of the Ptolemy and Cleopatras, as their queens were called, lasted 300 years. There were sixteen of them, and they pretended that they were descended from the Egyptian gods, and the people believed them. They built temples and had their cartouches like the kings of old. When you get old enough to read Shakespeare and understand it you will see in his play "Antony and Cleopatra" how they lost control, and how Rome got control of Egypt.

Egypt
Luxor. Queen Hatasu Built This Temple. It Is Great

Roman Rule.

There were thirty-seven Roman rulers and they reigned nearly 400 years. Augustus Caesar gained full control of Egypt B. C. 30. He was ruler there when Jesus was born in Bethlehem. So you see why the Bible tells so much about Egypt. We were shown the places where Mary and Joseph with their little babe rested and the wells they drank from, during the flight into Egypt.

During the reign of Nero, Christianity was first preached in Egypt by St. Mark. No wonder it spread rapidly for the early Christians healed diseases, and taught the people of one universal God who loved them and wanted them to love one ananother. It was through Egypt that Christianity reached Rome.

Through all the discussions of the Holy Fathers, and the laws against Christianity made by the Romans, one little flock has stood firm to the word of God as preached by St. Mark, all this time. They are called Copts, and they have always been persecuted. They made churches out of the old temples, and in one I saw a painting of our Lord on the wall amid all the heathen

gods and their symbols. There are about 68,000 Copts in Egypt today, and they are the brightest of all Egyptians. They have schools in the cities and villages for both boys and girls, and we saw an old man sitting cross-legged in the sun teaching the little dirty-faced children squating around him to read from our Bible.

When Constantine took up Christianity to help his political career, the great business of life seemed to be deciding what Christianity should preach as truth, and what the people should be taught to believe. They must have made a mistake, for it hasn't carried out very well the teaching Jesus gave. When you study Roman history you will see that Constantine went to Constantinople, and so cannot be surprised to hear that in some way or other, bishops got control of Egypt, and during the period called the Byzantine, eight bishops ruled and quarreled until the Arabs, who believe in Mohammet, put them out.

Now I must tell you a little about this religion that has more followers than any other in the world today. (Daddy says that isn't so, but I read it somewhere.)

Egypt
Ghizeh. Mysterious But Very Plain
Statues of Memnon. This is the *Sight* of Old Thebes

Mohammet was born at Mecca, 569 B. C. and he was forty years old when he felt that he was called by God to reform the religion of the Arabs. He believed in the first five chapters of the Bible that Moses wrote, the psalms and the gospels, but considered himself a greater prophet than Jesus. He wrote a book called the Koran and all good Mohammedans study it and obey its rules. Their churches are called mosques, and the towers, minarets. Five times a day a man walks around the balcony calling the faithful to prayer. I tell you it gives one quite a start to see men who are not ashamed of their religion, kneeling down anywhere, praying to God. They never drink liquor and they fast often, but the weak place in that religion is the way it thinks of women; they are shut up in harems and can only go on the street if their faces are veiled, and they have to share a husband with three others. That religion seems made for men alone.

The Arabs ruled Egypt for nearly a thousand years, when the last Caliph bequeathed his right and titles to the Sultan of Turkey. Turkish rule brought the red fez to Egypt which is so becoming to men;

They wear it at the opera, at dinner, in fact all the time.

Now we are coming down to things of which we have all seen pictures. Napoleon pounced upon Egypt in 1798 hoping to destroy British trade in the Mediterranean. He fought a battle by the pyramids, but the British Lion was on his track and just as it happened in China and India, England found at last that she had to take control of Egypt for its own good. They had to teach the people how to take care of their money, and how to be law-abiding. They built the great dam at Assouan, and have established banks and schools. They may bring to Egypt a better understanding of God, and the poor women may find that they have as many rights as the men, a place on earth and in heaven too.

And now good-bye, for this is my last letter, and I hope I won't have to write another for a year.

Your loving cousin,

BEECH.

Egypt
Our Steamer Prince Abbus—On to Earis. Good-Bye

Here End the Letters from Beech to His Chum, Written While Touring the Orient, and Illustrated from Photographs Taken En Route. Printed for the Enjoyment of Other Boys, and Girls, Too, by Paul Elder and Company, and Conducted Through Their Tomoye Press by Herman A. Funke, In the City of San Francisco During the Month of October, Nineteen Sixteen